



HORRORS OF OAKENDALE ABBEY.

(Continued.)

LAURA said she had every reason to be grateful to Providence, who had, in so many instances, shewn a manifest interposition in her favor, and never more than by placing her under the protection where she now felt herself so happily situated; and in which secure asylum we will, for the present, leave her, and return to give some account of Lord Oakendale, who on arriving at the Abbey, and finding Laura had escaped, became outrageous, and almost frantic with disappointment.

Mary was interrogated with violence and suspicion, as an accomplice in the plan; but she declared her innocence with so much simplicity, that his Lordship's anger at length gave way to belief, and he consented to her entreaties of being sent back again into Wales.

His disappointment added fresh fuel to his passion and his resentment; for he vowed vengeance on the poor devoted Laura, should he ever get her again into his hands, of which he entertained but little doubt; knowing that without either horse or carriage, or any one to assist her, she could not have escaped far from the village; and that, by bribes and promises, he should very soon have her again in his power. He determined to sleep that night at the Abbey, in the same room which had been occupied by Laura and Mary. Another was fitted up in an adjoining room for his servant.

It was the first time in his life he had ever been in the Abbey. He thought it horrible and gloomy; and he would have felt some compassion for Laura, for having been consigned to such a place, had not her recent flight steeled his heart with resentment, and shut every avenue to pity.

The idea of supernatural appearances had never, since he was a child, disturbed his imagination; he therefore, divested of all fear, composed himself to take a refreshing portion of sleep, in order to be the better enabled to make a more vigilant pursuit after Laura the next day. He had not, however, been in bed two hours before he was very much surprised by a foot-step, and a low murmuring voice, which appeared to be not far distant. He called his servant.

The poor man readily obeyed the summons, for he had been equally alarmed. He entered the room pale and trembling, and was going to relate his fears; but Lord Oakendale felt his valor return, and being ashamed to confess his fright to his servant, he only said there were rats in the house; talked loud, blustered, and ordered his servant to return to his bed.

In about an hour the steps and the voice were heard again. The idea that Laura was concealed in some part of the Abbey occurring to his mind, he hastily called up his servant, and ordering him to bring lights, he prepared himself to search the Abbey. The man having heard the report of its being haunted, and being already very much alarmed at what had passed, was not quite so willing to enter into such service, and endeavoured to persuade his Lord to wait for the morning; but this suggestion only stimulated

Lord Oakendale to begin the search, having worked up his mind to the firm opinion that he should find Laura. They each took a light, and proceeded through all the apartments; Lord Oakendale with his sword drawn in his hand, swearing to murder the first person he found, if they should endeavour to screen Laura from his possession. He likewise exhorted his servant to be courageous, and to follow his example.

The man stood greatly in need of the exhortations; for as he tremblingly led the way, and carried the lights, he expected to lose his senses by the sight of some tremendous apparition; and when Lord Oakendale opened the rusty locks and creaking doors, he thought his heart would have died within him.

When they approached the room, in which was the trunk and skeleton, Lord Oakendale made a stop.—The gloominess of its appearance, rendered doubly so by the still dark hour of the night, had a momentary effect upon his resolution; but he resumed his courage, and surveyed the room. The servant trembled, and scarcely lifted up his eyes. They approached the trunk wherein the skeleton was deposited. Lord Oakendale ordered his servant to lift up the lid; and the light had no sooner glanced upon the ghastly figure, than the man, dropping the lid from his hand, exclaimed, "God preserve us! here is a dead man, bigger than a giant, with saucer eyes, and huge limbs!"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed his Lord, at the same moment examining it himself, though not without feeling a chill at this relic of mortality; and he was for a moment undetermined whether or not to proceed, when the idea of Laura again renewed his courage, and he advanced to the cloister, and following the light carried by the terrified servant, arrived at the partition, which presented neither a door, or any means of opening it, whatsoever.

This circumstance strongly excited his curiosity, and this aided by disappointment, brought him to a desperate pitch of resolution; and observing the boards were but thin, he set his whole force against them, and, with a terrible crash, they all at once gave way. A confused rumbling noise assailed his ears; but how were all his senses stiffened with horror at the sight of a human body, apparently dead, but sitting upright in a coffin!

Lord Oakendale started at the sight; the sword dropped from his hand, and he stood petrified with terror and amazement. The servant had fallen down, and nearly extinguished the light; and as Lord Oakendale stooped down to preserve it, he fancied a cold hand grasped him. His trembling legs scarce supported him from this scene of terror! The servant was nearly deprived of his senses. His master assisted him to rise, and hastily turning towards the cloister, they made the best of their way through the apartments they had before so minutely examined, rushed out of the Abbey, and alarmed the village!

The clock struck four, and some of the peasants were already rising to their work; and seeing his Lordship, as they supposed, making his

escape from the Abbey, they, concluding he had seen something to terrify and alarm him, gathered round, with a hope of being gratified by some marvelous adventure; but his Lordship was in no humour to relate wonders. He ordered horses to the carriage, and getting into it, bestowed something like a curse upon Laura, the Abbey, and all the infernal spirits that inhabited it.

In this disposition he pursued his way to London. Various were his conjectures during his journey; and he could form his ideas into no system of probability as to the strange and unaccountable sights he had beheld at the Abbey. He resolved, indeed, to have them thoroughly investigated on some future occasion; but he never intended again to encounter them himself. He suffered great uneasiness on account of Laura. He found he loved her with sincere affection. Her idea dwelt upon his heart with more uneasy sensations than he had ever before experienced, although his love for her was neither founded upon esteem or delicacy. But he was a mere sensualist; yet a something of tender anxiety was combined with his passion for her. "Where could she be, and to what evils and sufferings might she be exposed?" These were intruding questions that forced themselves with compassionate tenderness, upon a heart but little alive to the softer feelings of humanity. In this state we will therefore leave him for the present, in order to give our readers an account of some other personages who have as yet appeared but in the back ground of the history.

Lady Oakendale, of whom we have said that she was the only daughter of Lord Westhaven, and that her immense fortune was the only inducement Lord Oakendale had for making her his wife, was, as has been before related, by no means calculated to sooth the brow of care, by which her Lord was now oppressed; on the contrary, they had conceived an aversion bordering upon hatred for each other. But, in order to elucidate her history, we must go back to a very early period of her life. She was an only child, and had lost her mother when she was very young; and from that circumstance might date all her misfortunes, as she was consigned to the care of a governess, and other mercenary dependants, whose chief object was to inculcate in her the idea of her own consequence, by continually reminding her of her great fortune she would in future possess, as well as the high rank she held in life.

After being taught the various accomplishments necessary for her situation, in so superficial a manner, that they could neither be an entertainment to others, nor any resource to herself, she found a void in her mind, which she would sometimes endeavour to fill up by attempts at fancy-work, or some ingenious device peculiar to the sex; but on these occasions she was always informed, that such employments were by no means fit for her to engage in; and that there were people sufficient who would be glad to do such little services for the gratuity which she had it so amply in her power to bestow.

Thus was her mind (perhaps naturally good) withdrawn from every source of instruction or

amusement, and left to the idle workings of phantastic conceits, which will always, if not subdued by rational amusements, lead to an indolent lassitude, totally destructive of every moral and social virtue.

As soon as she was of an age to appear at her father's table, and be introduced by some of his acquaintance to public places, her whole mornings were spent in trying on various caps, and other dresses; consulting her glass, and assorting her ribbands and feathers to her complexion, and the color of her hair. Her person was neither handsome or otherwise; her skin was fair, but her features were irregular and wanted animation; and she had acquired an air of hauteur, which, being unaccompanied by grace, bordered upon ill-humor.

Lord Westhaven, after the death of his wife, grew fond of drinking, and engaged in a dissipated way of life, neither consistent with his age or station. He loved his daughter, as something very nearly allied to himself; but he took no pains to regulate her conduct, or to improve her understanding. He frequently brought men home to dinner, whose free conversation was neither suppressed by her presence, nor regulated by propriety; and from these she heard toasts and sentiments by no means proper for her contemplation; which gave her a bold assurance, but little consistent with the delicacy of the feminine character.

She was known to have an immense fortune, and of course was addressed by every man who wished to advance his own.

An officer in the guards, of the name of Vincent, was the most assiduous in his attentions to her; and, indeed, for a time, kept all the rest at a distance. He had an uncommon fine person, and was sufficiently well skilled in the science of fashion and flattery to render himself agreeable. He studied her disposition with the nicest attention; and, being well aware that her father designed her for a man of rank, having no pretensions of that nature at that time, he was resolved to supplant those that had; he therefore thought he had only to secure her affections as the prelude to the possession of her fortune.

She loved Vincent as a girl of her education and disposition would naturally do, who was captivated by his person, and pleased with his attentions. But she knew he could not introduce her into the rank in life her ambition led her to suppose she must fill, and she could not endure the sound of plain Mrs Vincent; yet the idea of a tender lover, encouraged in secret, and met by stratagem, enraptured her imagination, and was so consonant to her wishes, that what the first admitted as a charming amusement for her leisure hours, became a serious consideration, and in the end, a source of increasing misery.

It happened about this time that the Earl of Oakendale was introduced to her by her father; and, after a few interviews, she was told to consider him as her lover and destined husband.

Lord Oakendale was a man whom Miss Rainford might have liked, had not her heart been devoted to Vincent; yet the idea of being a Countess, with all the flattering appendages of a title, gave a preponderancy to the scale of grandeur, and made her accept of Lord Oakendale's proposals, and her father's commands, without any seeming reluctance.

Meantime Vincent could not bear to lose the golden prize, and have the mortification to behold, what he had thought so well secured to himself, given to another. Thus fired with jealousy, and disappointed in his ambitious views, he meditated mischief and revenge.

[To be continued.]

A PASTORAL BALLAD:

BY ANNA SEWARD.

O SHARE my cottage, dearest Maid!
Beneath a mountain, wild and high,
It nestles, in a silent glade,
And Wye's clear currents wander by.
Each tender care, each honest art,
Shall chase all future want from thee,
When thy sweet lips consent impart
To climb these steepy hills with me.

Far from the city's vain parade,
No scornful brow shall there be seen;
No dull impertinence invade,
Nor envy base, nor sullen spleen.
The shadowy rocks which circle round
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell;
And there shall ev'ry joy be found
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy sun shall peer,
And faintly gild yon little spire,
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire;
Sweet tales to read—sweet songs to sing—
O, they shall drown the wind and rain
E'en till the softest season bring
Merry Spring-time back again!

Then Hawthorns, flow'ring in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling plumy throng;
Nor boast the busy haunts of men
So fair a scene, so sweet a song.

Thy arms the new-year'd lamb will shield,
And to the sunny shelter bear;
While, o'er the rough and breathing field,
My hands impel the gleaming share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow;
Then prove with me the sprightly joys
That Love and Industry bestow.

Their jocund pow'r can banish strife;
Her clouds no passing day will see,
Since all the leisure hours of life
Shall still be spent in pleasing thee.

TO A LADY, WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

Written by her husband.

TO you, dear Wife (and all must grant
A wife's no common confidante),
I dare my secret soul reveal,
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel;
This verse, for instance, I design
To mark a female friend of mine,
Whom long, with passion's warmest glee,
I've seen, and could for ever see.
But hear me first describe the dame;
If candor then can blame me—blame.
I've seen her charm, at forty, more
Than half her sex at twenty-four;
Seen her, with equal pow'r and ease,
Draw right to rule, from will to please;
Seen her so frankly give, and spare
At once, with so discreet a care,
As if her sense, and her's alone,
Could limit bounty like her own;
Seen her, in Nature's simplest guise,
Above arts, airs, and fashions, rise;
And, when her peers she had surpass'd,
Improve upon herself at last;
Seen her, in short, in ev'ry part,
Discernment, temper, figure, heart,
So perfect, that till Heaven remove her,
I must admire her, court her, love her!
Molly, I speak the thing I mean;
So rare a woman I have seen;
And send this honest glass, that you,
Where'er you please, may see her too!

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY SQUIRE,

Buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster-Abbey.

BENEATH this stone there lies a skull,
Which when it breath'd was wondrous dull;
But now 'tis dead, and doom'd to rot,
This skull's as wife, pray is it not,
As Shakespeare's, Newton's, Prior's, Gay's,
The wits, the sages of their days?

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL! creation's source! who, ere this little ball was hung in air, or suns their golden beams shot forth, residest with the Almighty; oh! may thy animating warmth, while fable night invests the slumbering world, pervade my bosom, and kindle raptures which the blest above may envy. In thee the swain who toils in summer's fervid noon, or sits secure within his humble cot while rigid Winter spreads his icy horrors o'er the world, finds a resource to mitigate his cares, and cheer the glooms of solitude and retirement. Welcome, thou offspring of heaven, to my bleeding bosom! The impetuous billows of misfortune I have long encountered: with the proud man's insolence, and the pangs of despised poverty, have long, very long been familiar. Oh man! thou hadst driven me to despair, this arm would have guided the dire poignard to my heart, and exultingly would I have bid farewell to the earth which nurtures such unfeeling monsters—but ELIZA's love forbade. Friendless, unpitied and unknown, outstretched upon my bed of straw I lay struggling with sickness and with want; and this frame, once decorated in all the trappings of affluence, almost naked was exposed to the chilling blasts of winter. Sweet angel! In despair and misery I found me—the restored me to life—the blest me with her love, and bade joy, that fugitive, once more to wonton in my bosom. O God! when the great day of retribution shall arrive, when an assembled world shall prostrate itself before thy throne—remember ELIZA!—

March 24.

I. S. D.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE LADIES.

Dear Ladies,

HAVING formed to myself, from a diversity of causes unnecessary to relate, a determination to exchange the solitary life of celibacy for the more pleasing and social life of conjugal bliss, permit me through the medium of a public print to present my respects, as a candidate, to those ladies who may deign to honor me by the avowal of a similar sentiment.

It is ardently hoped that none (who otherwise might be disposed) possessing the peculiar merits of modesty, will on this occasion neglect availing themselves of the present opportunity, through motives of delicacy, to their lasting regret.

As a further proof of my sincerity, I solemnly pledge myself to answer those communications that may be properly presented, and shall decide according to their respective merits.

P.S. It may be well to observe, as the writer's motives are unquestionably sincere, that no notice will be taken of any letters that may be offered by any improper characters on the present occasion.

(J) A line addressed to J. P. and left with the printer, will be attended to.

New-York, March 29, 1799.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Lord Paget was on an Embassy from England to Constantinople, his cook was taken ill, and his Lordship was obliged to employ the natives to dress his dinners. Having one Christmas-day a large party, he desired to have a piece of ROAST BEEF and a PLUMB PUDDING. The first was not difficult to procure; but the last, not a servant in his kitchen knew how to make. They applied to him for a receipt; he said, he thought they must take ten or a dozen eggs, and beat them up together—a certain quantity of good milk, so much flour, and all those ingredients to be mixed with a large quantity of raisins; then the whole to be boiled about two hours in about four quarts of water. They listened attentively to his instructions, but when dinner was announced, two fellows appeared, bearing, in a most enormous red pan, what they called a plumb pudding. The instant it appeared, Lord Paget exclaimed, "Lord forgive me, but I forgot to tell them it was to be put in a bag."

PITAPH ON MR. JOHN MOLE,

Who died lately at Worcester,

BENEATH this cold stone lies a son of the Earth;
His story is short, though we date from his birth;
His mind was as gross as his body was big;
He drank like a fish, and he ate like a pig.
No cares of religion, of wedlock, or state,
Did e'er, for a moment, enumber John's pate.
He sat, or he walk'd, but his walk was but creeping,
And he rose from his bed--when quite tired out with sleeping.
Without foe, without friend, unnoticed he died;
Not a single soul laughed, not a single soul cried:
Like his **ROUN-ROOTED** name-fake, he dearly loved earth,
So the sexton here covered his body with turf.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 30, 1799.

Wednesday an hermaphrodite brig, on her way through Hell Gate to this city, struck on the rocks, overfet, and sunk. We do not learn her name, but understand that 8 of the people perished.

By the schooner Hiram, in 7 days from Charleston, we have a confirmation of the release of the four persons lately taken into custody on board the Minerva. On examination the letters which they so nicely concealed in double bottomed tubs, only related to commercial affairs. Thus ends the late magnified "Tale of the Tub."

Tuesday evening the sloop Sally Maria, Capt Sells, arrived in 16 days from St Kitts. Sailed under convoy of the United States brig Norfolk, Capt Williams, in company with 14 sail of American vessels.

Capt Sells was informed by one of the officers of the Norfolk, that a few days before, they had an engagement with a French privateer of 14 guns, from St Martin's; in which they shot away her main-top-mast and killed 8 men, when she struck to the Norfolk; but that Capt Williams had not courage to board her. A representation of this fact being made to Commodore Truxton, induced him to order Capt Williams home, that an investigation of his conduct might take place. The privateer put into St Martins. Capt Sells also informs, that the day before he sailed, the Constitution's prize, l'Infergente, dropped down to St Kitts' watering place, preparatory to a cruise.

The accounts from Northampton are various and contradictory. Three of the insurgents arrived in town on Friday, and ten more on Saturday morning. They are chiefly of the number that had been rescued from the Marshal. It is pretty certain that Fries, and others, have offered to surrender themselves on condition that they will not be hanged! [True Amc.]

CAPTURES.---OFFICIAL.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Byrne, of the Cutter, General Greene, dated off the Island of Cuba, March 9, 1799.

"On the 5th inst. at 1 A. M. we fell in with and captured the schooner Porpoise, pierced for 12 guns had a brass nine pounder, and 26 men, loaded with provisions from the Havannah, and bound to Cape Francois. She sails very fast. Capt. Decatur took all the men out of her, and we have manned her between us. The Governor Jay was not in fight when we captured her. We are conveying another fleet of 20 sail, bound to different ports in the United States, but none to Philadelphia. We send the prisoners home by the fleet. There are two cruizers ready to come out of the Havannah. We hope we may fall in with them."

Extract of a letter from Capt Stephen Decatur, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the Delaware, off the Moro Castle, March 5, 1799.

SIR,
I embrace the earliest opportunity to inform you, that last night about 12 o'clock, we saw a sail standing aloft us--after giving her four guns, she hove too, and proved to be the privateer Marfonia, commissioned out of Cape Francois, which has expired several months. She mounts by her commission one brass nine pounder in her hatchway, ten swivels, ten muskets, thirty cutlasses, bound from the Havannah to Cape Francois, with a load of beef and pork, as I understood. She was commanded by Capt. Hermaud.

British Captures at Martinique.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Samuel Cabot, Agent for American claims, dated.

London, Dec. 15, 1798.

GENTLEMEN,

The court of Admiralty here have at length taken up the Martinique cases.---about two thirds are heard, and decreed to be restored.---The others will be decided on in a few days. Where the ownership and neutrality is established, restitution is immediately ordered. This has been done in the Betsey, Nowell; New Adventure, Freeman; Betsey, Ingalls; Lucy, Treadwell; Three Friends, Norton; and Eagle, Gerrish. In the Polly, Storer, further proof is ordered as to cargo. The owners have neglected as yet to send on test affidavits. The judge has not given any sentence or opinion as to the question of damages in this class of cases.---we cannot therefore say whether an appeal will be necessary.---we rather expect, however, and also finally to go to the treaty Commissioners.

CAPTURE OF ROME BY GEN. MACK.

All the papers of yesterday lamented that no Paris Gazette had been received of a later date than the 8th inst. One French paper, however, we can state, was received of the 9th inst. It was sent over, we suppose, expressly, because it contains a very exaggerated account of the defeat of the Neapolitan army of forty thousand men, by General Mac Donald, with four thousand French! The action took place at Civita Citadella, and, consequently, after the Neapolitans were in possession of Rome.

It is affirmed in the same paper, that the Empire has acceded to the ultimatum of the French Directory; and that Peace was accordingly concluded at Rastadt on the 18th inst. This intelligence is said to have reached Paris by means of the Telegraph; and, of course, must have been forwarded by express to Calais. The Treaty with the Empire, however, can have but little effect on the conduct of the leading powers, and as little influence on the operations of war. It has probably been concluded by the French, independently of their grand object of lowering dissensions between the Princes of the Empire and their Chief, and of violating the German Constitution, for the purpose of enabling them to contract their line of attack, and to direct their principal force against Italy. One thing is certain, that they will only observe it until it shall be their interest to break it.

The Emperor most certainly affords assistance to the King of Naples, who has evidently acted in concert with him; so that a war between France, on the one side, and Austria, Russia, and Naples (to say nothing of Prussia) on the other, seems inevitable. [Lond. Pap.]

MARRIED.

At Cheshire, JOHN JOHNSON, of Whally, in the parish church of Taxall, to DAM MARGARET OSBURN, of Horridge End. The ages of this extraordinary couple fill up a space of 163 years. The bridegroom is father to 18 children, grandfather to 89, and great grandfather to 27. The venerable bride is mother to 20 children, grandmother to 94, great grandmother to 23; in all 274. Above one hundred of those descendants, in beautiful attire, attended the ceremony, together with a very great number of the most respectable neighbors, to congratulate the happy pair. [Lond. Pap.]

SALEM, March 22.

Latest from Europe.

Captain Phillips, in the Ketch John, arrived here yesterday from Lisbon, which place he left on the 22d of February. Before he sailed, it was reported there, and generally believed, that the French troops had made themselves master of Naples, and that his Neapolitan Majesty had retired to the island of Sicily.

CHARLESTON, March 4.

Capt. Tappan of the Hibernia, arrived here yesterday, does not confirm the accounts lately published, respecting the assassination of Buonaparte. The last news that had been received at Gibraltar, in the beginning of January, concerning Buonaparte, did not mention his death, but stated that he was in a very difficult situation, and his army much impaired.

The interesting tale of "OAKENDALE ABBEY," proving longer than the Editor calculated, in order to bring it to a conclusion as soon as possible, he this day presents his respectable Subscribers and Patrons with an Extra Paper.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MIRROR.

THE long expected Play of "COUNT BENYOWSKY" is announced for Monday; it is said that the preparations made for this exhibition are greater than any that have ever been made for any play on our Stage. As the scene of the play lies in Kamtschatka, it was necessary that every thing about it should be new; the scenery, the decorations and the dresses must all be, Russian, Cossack and Kamtschadale.

It adds much to the interest which the public takes in this play that the hero is known to them: his memoirs (upon an incident related in which the play is founded) are in every body's hands; and he is known, after the event here commemorated, to have been in this country. It appears from the scene which the Monthly Reviewers have extracted from this drama, that great interest is excited for the Governor of Bolcheretzk: a father who sees his only and darling child upon the point of leaving him in his old age, and flying with a man whom he considers as a base and ungrateful seducer. Such scenes come home to the hearts of fathers--nay, to every man's heart, for as we all hope to be fathers, we all feel interested in every thing which concerns that tender relationship. It has been observed in one of our daily prints that the play of the "Italian Father" treats of this subject so interesting to parents and children, in another of its stages,--after the seduction has taken place, after the parental curse has been hurled upon the victim, and at that period when the returning feelings of nature take possession of the heart and plead for the wretched sufferer. These are the subjects which interest mankind and do honor to the stage.

NEW THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING will be PRESENTED,

A PLAY, in 5 ACTS, (never performed here)

Interpersed with Songs, Duets, and Chorusses, called,

Count Benyowsky,

OR, THE CONSPIRACY OF KAMTSCHATKA.

With New Scenery, representing that inhospitable Portion of the Globe, and Dresses displaying the Russian, Cossack, and Kamtschadale Costume.

MEN.

The Governor of Bolcheretzk,	Mr Hallam,
Hettman of the Cossacks,	Mr Bates,
Count Benyowsky,	Mr Cooper,
Coutiey,	Mr Tyler,
Siepanoff,	Mr Barrett,
Kudrin, a (Cossack),	Mr Jefferson,
Gurcinin,	Mr Martin,
Kukoloff,	Mr Miller,
1st Exile,	Mr Perkins,
Orderly Sergeant,	Mr Hogg,
Conspirators,	Messrs Seymour, Shapter, &c,
Servant,	Mr Leonard,

WOMEN.

Athanasia,	Mrs Barrett,
Feodora,	Mrs Oldmixon,

SCENERY NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED.

Act 1st, View of the Village of the Exiles, near Bolcheretzk. Snow Scene.

Act 2d, Inside of a KAMTSCHADALE HUT.

Act 3d, Winter Landscape by Moon-Light, covered with Snow and Ice, as seen from the Ramparts of the Castle of Bolcheretzk: Half-Moon descending.

Act 5th, View of the Harbor of Bolcheretzk, at the Mouth of the Bolchereika, which empties its waters into the sea of Ochotsk: Ship ready to sail.

To which will be added,

A COMEDY, in 3 ACTS, called, *The*

Old Maid.

Doors open at half past Five, and Curtain rise at half past Six. Vivat Republica.

GENTLE BOARDING and LODGING

at No. 114, William-Street.

New and Entertaining Novels,

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq.
Castles of Athlin and Dunbaine, The Coquette.
Ormond, or the Secret Witness. Charlotte Temple,
Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation,
Camilla. Romance of the Forest. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Cavern of Death, Letters of Charlotte, Tom Jones,
Nature and Art, Gonsalvo of Cordova, Arundel,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela,
Simple Story, Man of the World. Fatal Folies,
Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality,
Mythologies of Udotho, Mythic Cottager. Select Stories,
Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy,
Juvenile Indiscretions. Perfidious Guardian,
Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue,
Clarissa Harlowe, Vicar of Wakefield, Julia Benson,
Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck,
Sorrows of Werter, Gabrielle de Vergey,
Sydney and Eugenia, Queen of France, &c. &c. &c.

Washington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Æsop,
Campbell's Journey overland to India. Junius's Letters,
Milton's Ancient History, Goldsmith's England,
Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts,
Johnson's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude,
Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Thomson's Seasons
Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages,
Columbian Muse, Godwin's Political Justice
Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleasing Instructor, The Hive
Milton's Works, A Father's Instructions, Messiah
Elegant Miscellanies, Flowers of History,
Shakespeare's Works, 8 vols. an elegant edition
Fresenius's Poems, Humphrey's Works,
Jefferson's Notes, Johnson's Lives of the Poets,
Gibson's Surveying, Jones's System of Book-Keeping,
Moise's Geography, &c. &c. &c.

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS James McLaughry, by an assignment or instrument of writing, bearing date the 1st day of May one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight, did assign, transfer, and let over unto Henry Felthousen, a certain indenture of lease, and all and singular the premises therein contained; which lease contains all that certain lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the seventh ward of the city of New-York, and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof made among other lots, by Callmer Th. Goerck, by Lot number 493. Bounded westerly in front by Second-Street, easterly in the rear by lot number 2, northerly by lot no. 495, and southerly by lot no. 494--Containing in breadth in front and rear each 25 feet, and in length on each side 75. To have and to hold the same from first day of May 1796, for 20 years, under certain covenants, rents and conditions in the lease annexed to the said mortgage mentioned and contained: Provided nevertheless that if the said James should pay to the said Henry fifty dollars on the first day of November last, pursuant to a certain sealed bill, bearing even date with the said assignment, then the said assignment was declared to be void; but if default should happen to be made in the said payment, then the said Henry was declared to have full power to sell and dispose of the said lease and premises at auction. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the said money. Now therefore notice is hereby given that the said indenture of lease and premises, and all right and title of the said James thereto will be sold at public auction on the premises, on the tenth day of September next, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due on the said bill. Dated this 7th day of March 1799.

49--6m.

HENRY FELTHOUSEN.

GEORGE BUCKMASTER,

BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-Street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-Street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes.

12--27

GEORGE G. BUFFET,

No. 76 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK,

OFFERS the Ladies, Gentlemen, and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash.

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle,
do. Violet,
do. Bergamot,
do. Plain,

BROWN POWDER.

Marechalle,
Duchese,
Bergamot,
Orris do.
Violet do.

FOMATUMS

Marechalle,
Duchese,
Vanille,
Elliethrope,
Milleseurs,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Bears Grease.

SCENTS.

Musk,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Thyme,
Rosemary.

SCENTED WATERS.

Cologne,
Hungary,
Lavender,
Honey water,
Milleseurs,
Carmy,
Bergamot,
Arquebuse, for swellings,
bruises, contusions, cuts,
scars, &c.

Orange flower,
Rose,
Noijau,
Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearic,
Ess. Antiscorbutic, for the
gums.
Syrup Pectoral, for cold,
cough, and consumption.
The genuine Balsam of Life,
which will expel all pains
of the head and Stomach.

Pectoral Lozenges.
Peppermint do.

SHAVING SOAPS.

Best Naples,
Shaving Powder,
Ess. of Soap,
Windfor,
Italian Squares.

Lip Salve,
Silk Puffs,
Swandown Puffs,
Combs of all kinds,
Comb Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,
Tooth Powder,
Opial do.
Writing paper,
Wax, Wafers,
Ink-powder, Quills,
Blacking balls,
Tupce Iron,
Shaving boxes and brushes,
With a variety of other ar-
ticles.

41--1f.

TEAS.

GUN POWDER,

Hyfon,
Hyfon Skin,
Young Hyfon,
and
Souchong

TEAS of the first quality.

also,

Hibbert's Brown Stout and Porter,
ENGLISH CHEESE, &c. with a general assortment of
GROCERIES.

For sale by HITCHCOCK and HOPSON,

no. 206 Water-Street, one door

Feb. 23. 47 10f.

east of Beckman-Slip.

J. GREENWOOD, SURGEON DENTIST.

CONTINUES to make and fix artificial teeth, in many different ways, and at moderate prices. He has a particular way of cleaning and whitening the teeth, that does not give the least pain, and at the same time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish, with directions, if followed, which will keep them white, sound, and free from pain during life.

N. B. The very low charges from what is commonly demanded for operations on the teeth, must be satisfactory to every person who pleases to employ him.

Mr Greenwood advises parents who wish that their children should have a good set of teeth, to call on him or any other person skilled in the practice on the teeth, as he presumes they will give their advice gratis, which is his custom, and if followed, will be the means of preserving them from destruction.

Powders proper for the teeth and gums may be had at the stores of Stillwell and De Forest, no. 169 Pearl Street, Cook and Co. no. 133 William Street, and at the house of the operator, no. 3 Church-Street, behind St Paul's church.

T. WORTMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public,

HAS removed his Office to No. 87 Maiden-Lane, formerly occupied by John F. Roorbach, Esq. deceased. The business of the late Mr. Roorbach, will be continued at the same place.

26--1f

Just Published, and for Sale at

H. CARITAT'S

CIRCULATING LIBRARY and BOOK STORE,

153 Broadway,

AN Explanatory CATALOGUE of his late imported and other Library Books, English and French, added to his former collection, which amount to about a thousand volumes. Likewise the following new publications printed for him, WIELAND, or the TRANSFORMATION, an American tale and work; the CHILDREN of the AB-BEY, a novel, in 4 vols. ORIGINAL LETTERS of the unfortunate Lovers Ferdinand and Elizabeth; OR-MOND, or the SECRET WITNESS, by the author of Wieland; ZIMMERMAN on NATIONAL PRIDE.

May also be had at the same store several other lately imported articles, viz. an easy INTRODUCTION to GEOGRAPHY & ASTRONOMY, called the Planisphere, a few pairs of new improved Globes of various sizes, and from 35 to 100 dollars the pair; Ladies Watches; Time Pieces, &c. &c. H. Caritat has besides the above a large assortment of Books of every description, English and French. March 2

PERFUMERY STORE,

No. 116, William Street.

I. TICE, Ladies Hair Dresser and Perfumer, SUCCESSOR to the late Mrs Brown, begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he has for sale all kinds of Perfumery of the first quality: Also, JEWELRY, CUTLERY, &c.

N. B. All kinds of Ladies Ornamental Dresses, made on the most approved construction. 40--3m.

FOR SALE,

A good stand for a Tavern, immediately opposite the New Play House, in Theatre Alley. There are on the lot a new two story House, containing four rooms, one of which is about 19 feet broad, and 32 long; underneath it a cellar kitchen and cellar; a large garret over the whole, fit to be converted into four bed-rooms, for the accommodation of lodgers.--For particulars apply on the premises.

JUST PUBLISHED,

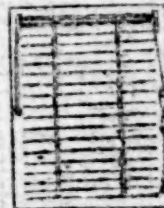
And to be sold by the Printer hereof, by James Hardie, No. 1 Rider-Street, and by all the Booksellers.

The CONSTITUTION of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA.

Price one shilling.

The Constitution is the STANDARD of our political faith, and as it is by it alone, we can judge, with propriety of the conduct of our Representatives, it ought to be in the possession of every individual, who pretends to dispute about politics. 49--1f.

WINDOW BLINDS.



THE subscriber returns his most grateful thanks to the public, and his friends in particular, for past favors, and hopes for the continuation of the same, as he continues to carry on the Window Blind Manufactory, at no. 5 Robinson Street, opposite the College, New-York, where he has a large assortment now on hand.

He has also imported the best Trimmings from Europe, and hopes to give full satisfaction, as he can answer any orders from city or country, at the shortest notice, with neatness, lower than the market price.

N. B. An elegant assortment of good and fashionable Cabinet Furniture, at the above ware room. Various sorts of Fancy Chairs made in the best manner, some of which have Bamboo backs and Cane bottoms, in elegant style. Also, all kinds of Gaming Tables.

31--1f

JOSEPH FULLER.

WANTED

At the Price Current office no. 33 Liberty-Street a Youth of 14 or 15 years of age to learn the Printing Business.

Printed and Published

JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.